and no longer to be feared. That was the moment for attacking the enemy's centre. At half-past eight the four battalions of the Middle Guard that had been sent up to the plateau beyond Mont Saint Jean to support the cuirassiers and that were being annoyed by the enemy's grape, advanced with the bayonet to carry their batteries. The light was failing; a charge made in their flank by several English squadrons threw them into disorder; the fugitives recrossed the valley. Several regiments near by, seeing part of the Guard in flight, thought it was the Old Guard, and were shaken; shouts of: All is lost! The Guard is beaten! were raised. The soldiers even declare that at some points ill-disposed men shouted: Every man for himself! However that may be, a panic spread over the whole battlefield; a disorderly rush was made towards our line of retreat; soldiers, gunners, wagons all crowded in to reach it.

> We must die here, we must die on the battlefield!

The Old Guard, which was in reserve, was struck and carried away.

June 19th, Philippeville:

Deep within me was the instinct that the result would be fatal!

(To King Joseph.) All is riot lost. I estimate that collecting all my forces I shall have 150,000 men left. The national guards and a few plucky marching battalions will give me 100,000 men; the depot battalions 50,000. I therefore have 300,000 men to face the enemy with at once. I can drag my artillery with carriage horses; I can